

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

THE RAINBOW.

(Continued.)

It was the Sabbath-day, and Glen-Creran, that, a few hours ago, had been as loud as the sea, was now not only hushed in the breathing repose of nature, but all rural labour was at rest; and it might almost have been said, that the motionless clouds, the deep blue vault, the fragrant air, and the still earth, were all united together in one sweet spirit of devotion. No shepherd shouted on the mountain—no reapers were in the half-shorn fields,—and the fisherman's net was hung up to dry in the sunshine. When the party met again in the parlour, whose wide window, opening down to the floor let in the pure fragrance of the roses and honeysuckles, and made the room a portion, as it were, of the rich wooded scenery, there was blended with the warmth and kindliness of the morning salutation, a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day, and to the religious state of feeling which it inspired. The subdued and almost melancholy air of the matron was now more touching and impressive, as she was dressed in darker widow's weeds for the house of God; and the sweet countenance of Mary Stuart, which the night before, had beamed with almost a wild gladness, was now breathed over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features. The Kirk was some miles distant; but they were prepared to walk to it; and Edward Ashton, without speaking on the subject at all, accompanied them on their way to divine service.

To an Englishman, who had never before seen a Highland Sabbath, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen brought upon him some new, interesting group, journeying tranquilly towards Appin Kirk. Families were coming down together into the wider strath, from their green nests among the solitude; and friendly greetings were interchanging on all sides, in that wild tongue which, to his ear seemed so well suited to a land of mountains. The many coloured Highland tartan mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands; and that mingling of different costumes in the same group gave intimation of the friendly intercourse now subsisting constantly between the dwellers

of hill and of plain. No haughty equipages came sweeping by. Almost all the assembling congregation were on foot—here and there an old man on a rough mountain pony—there perhaps man and wife on a stronger steed—and there a cart with an invalid, or the weak or aged, with a due accompaniment of children. The distinction of rank was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. So trooped they along to the house of God—the clear tinkle of the bell was heard—the seats were filled and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms. Divine service was at this time, performed in the English language, and the Kirk was decently silent in sincere and unostentatious devotion.

During service the Englishman chanced to fix his eyes on a small monumental slab in the wall above the seat, and he read these words—**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES STUART, LATE CAPTAIN IN THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT, WHO DIED AT VIENNA, 3D AUGUST, 17—**. A mortal sickness instantly struck his heart, and in that agony, which was indeed almost a swoon of the soul, he wished that he were dead, or buried in solitude many thousand miles away from the place where he now sat. He fixed his eyes upon the countenances—first of the mother—and then of her daughter, and a resemblance, which he had not discovered before, now grew upon him stronger and stronger, to one in his grave, and whom he once would have sacrificed his own life to reanimate. He was sitting in the house of God with the mother and sister of the man whose blood he had shed! the place—the name—the day of the month—left no possibility of doubt. And now many other corroborative circumstances came upon him in that ghastly fit. He remembered the daughter saying after that lament sung to the harp, "I ought not to have sung it;—for my poor dead brother used to delight in that air." The murderer of that poor dead brother had come wandering to a solitary mansion among the mountains, impelled by some evil spirit, and was now sitting below his monument along with her who had given him birth. But every one was intent upon the service of God—and his white face, white as a sheet, was observed by none. By degrees he felt the blood circulating again from his stricken heart—he began to breathe more freely, and had just strength to stand up when the congregation rose to prayer. He saw glimmering and unsteady beside

him the meek, placid countenances of the widow and her daughter—and turned away his eyes from them, to fix them again on that inscription to which they were drawn by a hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction—but was relieved in some degree by the fresh air that whispered through the trees, as he found himself walking by the side of his almost unseen companions through the church yard. “I fear sir you are ill,” said Mary Stuart, in a sweet and hurried tone of voice and no other answer was given but a long deep groan, that sounded as if it rose up in pangs from the bottom of a broken heart. They walked along together in sorrow, fear, and astonishment, at this sudden change in the looks of their new friend, whose eyes, when they ventured to look towards either of them, were wild and ghastly, and every glance accompanied with a deeper and bitterer sigh. “For the love of God—let us, if possible, retire from the crowd—and lead me to some retired place, that I may utter a few words, and then hide myself for ever from your faces.”

They walked along a footpath that winded through a coppice-wood, and crossing a plank over a rivulet, in a few moments they were in a little glen, as lonely as if it had been far among the mountains. “No houses are in this direction,” said the mother somewhat agitated and alarmed, she knew not why—and they sat down together on a seat that had been cut out of the turf by the hands of some shepherd, or school-boy, in his hours of play. “Mary, bring some water from that pool—Mr. Ashton looks, as if about to faint. My dear sir, are you better now?” And the beautiful girl bathed his forehead with the cold, limpid water, till he felt the sickness depart and his soul revive.

He rose from the seat, and looking steadfastly on their countenances, and then lifting his eyes to heaven, he sunk down on his knees before them and said, “My name is now Ashton, but it was not always so—hateful, horrible, and accursed, must that other name be to your ears—the name of Edward Sitwell.”

The mother uttered a faint shriek, and her head fell back, while the daughter sat down by her side, and clasped her arms with loud sobs round her neck. The stranger remained upon his knees, with his hands clasped, and, his eyes fixed upon them who now beheld him not, for many a wild thought was hurrying through their hearts. At length the widow looked towards him with a dim and changeful expression and then covering her eyes with both her hands indistinctly said, “Fatal—fatal name indeed—has God brought before me, on his bended knees, the man beneath whose sword my dear Charles died! Oh! God of mercy, teach me how I should feel in this wild and most sudden trial.” “Pray for me—pray for me to God—and also intercede for me with your mother when I am far away—for believe

me when I say, that I have not had many happy days since that fatal event.”—And rising from the ground, the stranger was about to depart.

But there was something so irresistibly detaining in the pity that was fast streaming from the eyes of poor Mary Stuart, to whom he had addressed himself, that he stood rivetted to the spot: and he thought, too that the face of the mother began to look with less horror upon him, and seemed clouded with a humane and Christian compassion. He said nothing in his own vindication—he uttered a few words in praise of the dead—and standing before them, with his pale cheeks, and convulsed sobs and quivering lips, the sincerity of his sorrow and contrition could not but affect their souls, and bring over their gradually subsiding aversion a deep feeling of sympathy for him who felt so profoundly his own guilt. “Go not away from us, till we have both forgiven you—yes—receive his mother’s forgiveness, and may your soul find rest from remorse, as mine has found rest from grief.”

Three years had elapsed since the death of her son abroad in that duel, and the soul of this excellent woman had reached the ultimate stage of resignation. When therefore, she recovered from that cold damp feeling of horror and aversion breathed over her by the presence of one whom, when the tidings of her son’s death first came to her, she had thought of almost as a murderer, she began to reflect on the few words he had uttered, and on the profound passion manifest in all his behaviour. In spite of her natural repugnance, she could not help feeling that he might have fallen in that quarrel instead of her beloved son—that there were no circumstances dishonourable or cruel attending it—and that by his own confession the day before, when ignorant into whose house he had wandered, he had for a long time led a life of melancholy and despondence, arising from the remembrance of that event.—His mild and gentle manners—his intelligent and cultivated mind,—and the unequivocal symptoms of sensibility and humane emotions which his whole looks, conversation and deportment had exhibited, pleaded for him not in vain; and when she looked upon him once more in the calmness of exhausted passion, the mother who through his means had been deprived of an only son, felt that she had wronged him by the violence of her feelings, and that it would be right, generous, forgiving and pious to raise him up from that fit of passion, and to look on him as an erring brother, to whom she knew her brave boy had been reconciled on his death bed, and who had held his hand when he breathed his last. There was something, too, in the sacred influence of the Sabbath-day that at once softened and comforted her heart; he had walked with her and her daughter to worship God in that little humble Kirk, and ought she not now to

practise those lessons of perfect forgiveness of all injuries, be they what they might, enjoined by that religion which it was her blessing to believe? "Why should I have looked," thought she, "with such abhorrence and creeping of the blood on this young man? My boy is in his grave—I trust in heaven—God has been merciful unto me—and therefore let me now still my beating heart, and administer comfort, since he needs it so much, to one whom not chance, but Providence, has brought to be my guest." Such thoughts, when they had once entered her heart, found a permanent abode there—she was restored to a tranquillity wonderful even to herself—and taking Edward Ashton by the hand, she told him with a faint smile, that he must not so leave them, and plunge alone into the dreary solitude of those black mountains, but accompany them back to the house, and as they had joined together in the public worship of God, so would they that night kneel down together before going to rest, and beseech Him to be merciful to them who were all alike sinners.

During all this time, Mary Stuart had stood pale and breathless as a statue, drinking in every word her mother uttered, marking every tone of her voice and every change of expressions upon her countenance. She had been a mere girl when her brother went abroad, and though she remembered him well and had loved him with all the tender enthusiasm of childhood, yet her growing thoughts and feelings towards a thousand new objects, calculated by their nature to interest and delight her heart, had grown over that early affection; and when she looked at her brother's picture on the wall of her bed room, or the inscription on the marble slab in the Kirk it was with a perfectly calm spirit, without vain repining or regret, and with a pleasant revival of old remembrances, otherwise half obliterated.—When, therefore, she saw her mother once more reconciled to the presence of their guest, and willing that one so mournfully connected with their fate in life, and so strangely brought to them, should not wander off forever thus forlorn and despairing, her soul rejoiced within her, the former brightness of her visage was restored, and once more the smile was seen that mantles from a heart made happy, without and almost against its will, in the power of its purity and innocence.

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE FREE PRESS.
LUCY ELLENWOOD.

"Curse on his perjurd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parent's fondling o'er their child!
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?"

BURNS.

With those who have never left the home of their childhood, the thousand gratifications and enjoyments that appertain to, and are associated

with this delightful spot, are not appreciated. But let an exile, like myself, from his paternal mansion, again visit the scenes of his earlier years—he will *then* learn that the bloom of his happiness was passed away at his own beloved home. For my own part, I have spent many an hour of my life in company with the merry and the gay—the learned and the witty—or where the smiles of beauty delighted the heart; but these pleasures were momentary; they were unlike the pure joys that arise in the breast of one, who, after a long absence, again returns to his paternal roof.

I had the ill-fortune, at the age of twenty, to be sent to Philadelphia, as clerk for my uncle, living in Chesnut-street. Many were the tears I shed, previous to entering the carriage which was to convey me from my father's happy dwelling, to the busy hum of a crowded city; but the oft-repeated consolations of my friends, that my uncle would be kind to me, and the idea that there was a vast deal of novelty in a city life, did, in some small measure, alleviate my grief. Yet, when the parting came—when I took the last lingering look of the old but noble mansion, partially seen through the trees before it, I felt a sensation, the recollection of which will never be effaced till my dying day. We arrived at Philadelphia, after a pleasant journey of two days. I found my uncle, as he had been represented, an amiable man, and his family were all assiduous in their attentions to render me happy. But, for weeks after my arrival, I would set in the door, (when my business within would permit,) and gaze, with a vacant eye, on the busy throng that crowded the street—my heart was on the scenes about that loved abode, which I regretted any temptations had made me consent to leave. By degrees, however this melancholy feeling wore off. I became acquainted with, and was comparatively happy in the company of many agreeable fellow-clerks. I mingled in the festivals of innocent mirth, and was as contented as an occasional thought of the pleasures of my former life would allow me to be.

Two years had now elapsed since I left home. I easily obtained permission of my uncle to visit Southcott, and if I had felt a pang at my departure from that beloved place it was now amply repaid, in the joy I felt at the prospect of again meeting the smiles and affectionate embraces of my parents, brothers and sisters. It seemed not half the distance as when I travelled the same road before, on my way to Philadelphia. Before I was aware, scenes began to open upon my view with which I was intimately acquainted; and, all at once, burst upon my enraptured sight, the old family mansion. There were the same tall, green poplars, under whose boughs I had so often gambolled with my young and happy mates—there were the trees loaded with fruit, from the rich and luxuriant pear to the crimson currant—and there, too, was the white seat by the door's side,

where I had sat for hours of a still evening, and watched the various figures upon the moon's disk, or marked the vivid lightning as it quivered on the dark clouds of the west. I remembered now, that the recollection of these scenes had made me melancholy while in the city, as the only delight I then took in viewing the meek moon, or the dark and portentous cloud, was in the reflection that I looked on them when my home was near me, and my dearest friends were about me.

I must pass by the smiles, the welcome and the rejoicing, and bring the reader to the fire-side, with the family seated around it, all engaged in making and answering inquiries. The supper had been done away, the evening "chores" were finished, and we were, as I said before, engaged in earnest "chit-chat."

"Where," said I, "is William Thornley, and James Hudson, and Lucy Ellenwood?"

The answers to these interrogations, were, that they were all well, naming all of whom I had spoken, but the latter.

"Lucy Ellenwood," said my father and mother almost simultaneously, "is sadly changed—you would——"

"Ay, ye wad na ken the ance bonny lassie o' Southcott ony mair," interrupted the honest old gardener from a corner—"she is na muckle the winsome lassie she was ance, puir bairn," continued he, with a sigh.

On asking what had befallen my little amiable school-companion, my father related the following story of her misfortune:

"You may remember Lucy," said he, "with her dark blue eyes, and rosy, dimpled cheeks, and you cannot wonder that she had many admirers—she had, and EDWARD RALEIGH was young and handsome, and after a series of addresses, he won her affections. He came here about eighteen months since, as a young man who had called at Southcott to visit a relative. Mr. Thornley is his uncle, and at his house he took up his residence. At an evening party he was introduced to Lucy Ellenwood. As might be imagined, he was in love with her beauty and accomplishments, and for four months he paid his addresses, and wooed her to be his. He declared his ardent passion—he had made an impression on her heart—he knew she loved him, and he should have been proud of the unfeigned love of this amiable girl.—But his heart was false—her's true—his affections, in the sequel, proved to be the effects of passion—her's deep-rooted, and unsullied by aught of coquetry.

* * * * *

I need not say he accomplished her ruin—I need not say he has never seen the offspring of his guilt, and since his unhallowed purpose was obtained, she who fondly thought to become his happy wife, the companion of his bosom. He left a letter at his uncle Thornley's; the purport of its contents were, that he had left for Philadelphia—that in a few weeks he

should return, and be united to his adored Lucy, and that he had chosen this method of taking leave, to avoid the pain of parting. Meanwhile, Lucy grew melancholy; there was a languid, death-like look upon her cheek, where once reigned the smile of beauty. She could be seen watching at her window, after the sun had long been set, to see the form of her lover coming up the road; but she watched in vain. At last, after much anguish and secret misery, through the oft-repeated solicitations of her mother, she disclosed her situation. She wept, she fell upon her mother's bosom, and implored her forgiveness. She dared not meet her father's look, after the cruel intelligence should have reached him. Her mother, too, wept, for she had been the idol of her parents, and save a younger brother, an only child. The fortitude with which her father bore the affliction, (for he was a Christian, and possessed of that divine attribute, *charity* for human weakness,) was a solace to his suffering child. She gave birth to a son, since which she has continued gradually to decline and fade away, and the green turf will soon repose on the bosom of your former playmate, Lucy. This day week, she penned him a letter—a few short lines, but they were from the bottom of her broken heart, and if his is not adamant, he will be moved by her sorrows, and awakened to a sense of the cruel pang he has inflicted."

Thus ended my father's narrative. The following day I called at Mr. Ellenwood's. I found the once engaging Lucy reclining on a sofa, with her babe in her arms.—She was gazing with a kind of wild, unearthly look upon the carpet. As I entered she extended her hand, and smiled languidly, but oh! how changed!

"Oh! George!" said she, "do you know me? do you know Edward?"—(Here she uttered something incoherently, which I could glean no meaning from, and continued. "Leave me, George! I was *once* happy. But say—look at little Edward;" and she reached the smiling infant towards me as she added. "It knows not, and may it *never* know its mother's sorrows. I loved Edward, yes, I fondly loved him. I love him now! Can you let me go and see him, and be his?"

I could hear her no more. I rushed from the painful scene, cursing, in my heart, the wretch who could thus trifle with pure affection—who, instead of requiting ardent love, had seduced his guileless victim.

After a week had passed, I again took my leave of home, its joys and its delights, and entered upon the duties from which I had only obtained a temporary absence.—After I had arrived at Philadelphia, I was much surprised to learn, that one of my most intimate friends, a fellow-clerk, had left the house in which he was engaged, a most respectable mercantile establishment, and had gone, no one knew where, and all inquiry and search had proved

unavailing. For the first time since I had heard the sad intelligence of Lucy Ellenwood's misfortune, the thought that he might be her seducer, rushed into my mind. Upon reflection, many things seemed to confirm my opinion. He was always, in a greater or less degree, melancholy; and as there was a unison of feeling between us in this respect, I had made him my most confidential friend. I remember I had asked him to accompany me to Southcott. He looked at me earnestly, and a tear stood in his dark blue eye. I believed I had awakened some painful recollection in his mind, and changed the subject. These circumstances came into my mind in a moment—yet my first surmise gradually strengthened into a firm belief—a belief that *Edward Thompson* (for that was the name by which he was known in Philadelphia) had effected the ruin of the lovely Lucy Ellenwood.

One morning, as I was entering the counting-room, a man, apparently a sailor, entered, and handed me a letter. I broke the seal, and turning round to ask him from whom he had received it, I perceived he was gone! Judge my astonishment on perusing this letter, which was as follows:—

“On board the *H—* }
November 7, 1819. }

“A dying, guilty, and hardened wretch takes the liberty of addressing a few lines to a dear friend—one who has been kind to a villain, a base, perfidious villain. I am on my death-bed, while I communicate, through my attendant, who takes down my guilty confession, these few and hurried lines. I can look forward, and a watery grave is yawning for its victim; and if I look back, oh, horror! despair! I dread to communicate what I *must* to put an end, in some small measure, to the internal gnawings of this worm of anguish. Oh, to look to the tomb, to which I must soon be borne! The waters of the “great deep” will soon be the only covering for my cold, depraved heart! * * * * *

* * * I would that Lucy Ellenwood were here, to view my dying sufferings:—She would *pity*, she would *forgive* me. But ere this, you know it all. Your visit to Southcott, has made you acquainted with the situation of *her*, whose praises you used so often to repeat, and which went like a dagger to my heart. I anticipated from you a story of her sufferings—bear the recital I knew I could not, and accordingly I left Philadelphia, the morning after your departure. I am confined to my cabin of a wound, which the surgeon has pronounced *mortal*! It was received, while walking on deck, from a piratical vessel.—I feel the pangs of an earthly hell.—I feel that the brittle thread of life will soon separate, and I shall be in eternity! * * * * *

* * * Carry Lucy my dying words—the pains of that “place of torment” are full before me. Do entreat her to forgive her dying seducer.

EDWARD RALEIGH.

Since Edward's departure, no information has been received from him, save this affecting epistle. A few months after the receipt of this, I received a letter from Southcott. It contained the intelligence of the death of Lucy Ellenwood. She was buried, at her request, on the spot where she last parted from her seducer. Her little Edward was growing up, a solace and comfort to his bereaved grandparents.

L.

BIOGRAPHY.

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

HENRY KNOX, LL. D.

A major-general in the army of the United States, was born at Boston, July 25, 1750. Among those of our country, who most zealously engaged in the cause of liberty, few sustained a rank more deservedly conspicuous, than general Knox. He was one of those heroes, of whom it may be truly said, that he lived for his country. The ardour of his youth, and the vigour of his manhood, were devoted to acquiring its liberty and establishing its prosperity.

At the age of eighteen, he was selected by the young men of Boston to the command of an independent company: in this station, he exhibited those talents, which afterwards shone with lustre, in the most brilliant campaigns of an eight years war.

In the early stages of British hostility, tho' not in commission, he was not an inactive spectator. At the battle of Bunker-hill he acted as a volunteer in reconnoitering the movements of the enemy.

Scarcely had we begun to feel the aggressions of the British arms, before it was perceived that we were destitute of artillery; and no resource presented itself, but the desperate expedient of procuring it from the Canadian frontier. At this crisis he generously offered his services to the commander-in-chief, to supply the army with ordinance from Canada, notwithstanding the obstacles and perils of the undertaking. Accordingly, in the winter of 1775, he commenced his operations, and in a few weeks, he had surmounted every difficulty and danger, and returned laden with ordinance and stores.

In consequence of this important service, he was appointed to the command of the artillery of which he had thus laid the foundation, in which command he continued with increasing reputation through the revolutionary war.

In the battles of Trenton and Princeton he gloriously signalized himself by his bravery and valour.

In the bloody fields of Germantown and Monmouth, he was no less distinguished for the discharge of the arduous duties of his command. In the front of the battle he was seen animating his soldiers, and pointing the thunder of their cannon. His skill and bravery were so conspicuous on the latter occasion, that he received the particular approbation of the commander-in-chief.

In every field of battle, where Washington fought, Knox was by his side. Honourable to himself as had been the career of his revolutionary services, new laurels were reserved for him at the siege of Yorktown. To the successful result of this memorable siege, no offi-

cer contributed more essentially than the commander of the artillery. His animated exertions, his military skill, his cool and determined bravery in this triumphant struggle, received the unanimous approbation of congress, and he was immediately created major-general, with the concurrence of the commander-in-chief, and of the whole army. Having contributed so essentially to the successful termination of the war, he was next selected as one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of peace. He was deputed to receive the surrender of the city of New-York, and soon after appointed to the command of West Point.

It was here that he was employed in the delicate and arduous duty of disbanding the army, and inducing a soldiery, disposed to turbulence by their privations and sufferings, to retire to domestic life, and resume the peaceful character of citizens.

The great objects of the war being accomplished, and peace restored to our country, general Knox was, early under the confederation, appointed secretary of war by congress, in which office he was confirmed by president Washington, after the establishment of the federal government.

Having filled this office for eleven years, he obtained the reluctant consent of president Washington to retire.

Retired from the theatre of active life, he still felt a deep interest in the prosperity of his country. He was called repeatedly to take a share in the government of the state, to which he had removed, and in the discharge of whose several duties, he exhibited great wisdom and experience as a legislator. In the full vigour of health, he suddenly died at Montpelier, his seat in Thomaston, Maine, on the 25th October, 1806.

The great qualities of general Knox were not merely those of the hero and the statesman; with these were combined those of the elegant scholar, and the accomplished gentleman. There have been those as brave and as learned, but rarely a union of such valour, with so much urbanity; a mind so great, yet so free from ostentation.

In his private virtues, he was no less the ornament of every circle in which he moved, as the amiable and enlightened companion, the generous friend, the man of feeling and benevolence. In consideration of his literary attainments, the president and trustees of Dartmouth college conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A FIRM FELLOW.

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three robbers defended himself with great courage and obstinacy but was at last overpowered, and his

pockets rifled. The robbers from his extraordinary resistance, expected to find a rich booty, but were not a little surprised to find that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. 'The deuce is in him,' said one of the rogues, 'if he had had eighteen pence I suppose he would have killed the whole of us.'

Two farmers, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune—"Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! Do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But bless me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now—What are these?" "These!" (said the other) why these are what I immediately sowed after my loss." "What, coming up already?" cried the fretter, "Yes, while you were fretting, I was working." "What, and don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why then need you fret at all?" "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of our misfortunes; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired with a little alacrity and energy."

You or I.—A counsellor, on cross-examining a witness found occasion to address him with, "well my old buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church." "Perhaps (said the other) if the truth was known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of reply produced a laugh, in which the witness cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True (said the man of law) but do you know what they are laughing at?" "Why I think in my heart (rejoined the fellow) that they take either you or I to be a fool, but I don't know which."

Loveliness of Woman—It is not the smiles of a handsome face, nor the tint of thy complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of thy person, nor yet the costly robes and decoration that compose that artificial beauty, no—nor the enchanting glance, which thou dartest with such lustre on the person thou deignest worthy of thy affection; it is thy pleasing deportment—thy chaste conversation—thy sensibility and purity of thought—thy affable and open disposition—sympathizing with those in adversity—comforting the afflicted—relieving the distressed—and above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard of the precepts of christianity. These virtues contain thy loveliness. Adorn but with those, nature and simplicity, they will shine like the reful-

gent sun, and display to man the loveliness of thy person which is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the person, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well spent life, that soars above the tranquil vanities of this world.

Two gentleman who had attended a charity sermon, were talking of it afterwards in company, "Didn't you like our parson's sermon very much?" said one. "Yes," replied the other, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon; I perceive I was wrong; for on returning home and referring to the book that I thought it was taken from, I found it there."

Mr. Curran, the late celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation; hearing a person near him say *curocity* for curiosity, he exclaimed, "how that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran, "he has only *knocked an eye out*!"

"*Darn 'em*," said Jonathan at the battle of Bunker Hill, "*they're shooting bullets*!" when one of them had passed through the top of his hat.

A minister reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: "Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated it thus: "Moses was an *oysterman*, and made *ointment* for the *shins* of his people."

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY SADI.

Three inhabitants of Balk, who travelled together, found a treasure. They divided it, and continued their rout, conferring with each other on the use they should make of their newly acquired wealth. As the provisions they had brought along with them were consumed, they were under a necessity for sending to the nearest town, in order to get some. The youngest was charged with this commission, and departed. He said to himself on the way, how rich am I! But I should be much richer, if I had been alone, when we found the treasure: the companions of my journey have taken away two parts from me: might not I recover them? Yes, this could be easily done; I need only poison the victuals I am going for. When I return, I may say, that I dined in town; my companions will eat without suspecting any thing, and will die. I have but

the third of the treasure, and I shall have the whole. In the mean time, the two other travellers, seated under the shade of a tree, said to one another, what a strange mishap it is, that we should fall into company with that young fellow! We have been obliged to divide the treasure with him; his share should have belonged to us, and then we could call ourselves rich. He will soon return, we have good poignards—The young man returns; his companions assassinate him: They afterwards eat of the poisoned victuals and die; and the treasure belongs to nobody.

Dr. Darwin one day at Nottingham assembled a large crowd round him, and standing upon a tub, thus addressed them: "Men of Nottingham, listen to me. You are ingenious and industrious mechanicks. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. That you know:—But you do not know, that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly is not less necessary to preserve health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. Open those of your sleeping rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workshops. Keep the windows of your workshops open, whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman, and a physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times a day by opening your windows."

SUMMARY.

New Work.—A new poetical work, entitled *Orondalie*, a tale of the Crusades, by Byron Whippoorwill, Esq., has made its appearance in this city. The typographical execution is respectable, and it affords us pleasure to see the seeds of literature are so rapidly springing up around us. This work is not without its faults; but it may serve to while away an idle hour, if not to afford an hour of agreeable entertainment.

What next?—The celebrated optician, Sfrayel, of Basle, (says a London paper,) has just finished an improved telescope, 64 feet long. It is said, that with the aid of this enormous instrument, several learned persons have been enabled to discover animated beings, roads, monuments and temples in the moon.

The St. Louis Enquirer affirms that the State of Missouri contains salt water enough to supply an empire with salt. It is said to abound in "thousands of salt springs, and even creeks and small rivers run salt water."

MARRIED,

At the seat of Henry Livingston, Esq. in Claverack, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gebhard, Mr. JAMES KENT VAN NESS, to Miss ADELINE BLANDIN.

At Germantown, on the 25th ult. Mr. JEREMIAH FELLOWS, of Clermont, to Miss CATHARINE SNYDER.

DIED,

In this city, on Friday the 7th inst. Mrs. JANE TEN BROECK, aged 51, consort of Mr. Jeremiah Ten Broeck.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

DESPAIR !

Fiend of the dark features ! o'er my brain
Why wield thine angry, palsying mace ?
Why bathe this bosom with thy torturing bane,
And every lineament of joy erase
From the bright fancies that my youth should feel ?
—Why steep my thoughts in mad, despotic care,
And bid the undying curse upon my frame to steal ?
Oh leave this heart, thou fiend ! thou fiend, Despair !

I seek not the cold clasp of Death ! nor would I seek
That home where thou alone art still,
But thou hast made me mad—and I, too weak
Half yield me to thy dark, un pitying will—
Yet will not yield—my soul has too much pride,
And yet a pride as empty as the air,
For what have I ? ah ! all the world beside
Has left me but thyself, thou fiend, Despair !

Then wherefore tarry thou ? I would not have
Even thy *friendship* faithful to the last ;
Go, leave me as I am—despised !—and save
What little *reputation* that thou hast ;
Go, leave me, leave me :—What am I to thee ?—
I am not fit thy curses half to share—
Go, let this head unhouseled, miserable be—
I am not fit for thy companion, base Despair.

P.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

IN MEMORY OF MARY SLOCUM.

How beauteous on the mountains, they
Who peaceful tidings bring ;
Who teach the pure and sacred way
Of Christ, our heavenly King.

Like watchmen clad in armours bright,
On Zion's walls they stand,
And in Jehovah's sovereign might,
Proclaim his high command.

When first thy Gospel star appeared,
From its fair infant ray,
We fondly hoped to see it reared,
To bright meridian day.

But He who doth our tasks assign—
A work for every one,
Was pleased to say—enough ! resign !
Behold ! thy work is done.

But ere thy spirit left its clay,
One office yet remained ;
Thy son, beloved, required thy stay,
Till he the post had gained.

And thy request was heard in this,
To thee, the favour given,
To point his road to endless bliss,
And soothe his way to heaven.

This done, thy spirit was released,
Mortality's no more :
Thy sufferings have forever ceased,
And every conflict's o'er.

Triumphant now, the Saints among,
You joyful anthems raise,
And join the universal song,
Of everlasting praise.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. SYMPATHY.

Kind Sympathy ! flower of growth celestial ;
More fair than thee is none, or beautiful.
Moistened by the tears of wo, from the eye
Of grief distilled, thy rich, intermingled tints,
In the gen'rous breast, the burning bosom
Of sensibility, ardent and pure,
Their charms disclose enchantingly divine,
To cheer the eye, and the soul to gladden
Of the sad, and suffering son of sorrow.

Beneath thy power, Sympathy benign !
Malignant passions from the soul are driven,
Yielding to emotions born of heaven,
In lustre robing frail humanity.

What more ennobling to the name of man
Than, like the seraph mercy, consolation's
Soothing balm, in the bleeding breast to pour,
To chase affliction's gloom from the brow of care,
And light a smile upon the cheek of wo ;
Or o'er the troubled waters of an anguish'd breast,
Like an ethereal spirit move,
And calm their tumult into sweet repose ?

'Tis more glorious far, than fame's loud trump
To fill with Orphan's sighs, or madly weave
Thy chaplet, glory, wet with widow's tears.
Heaven, with smile complacent, views the deed,
And earth the act with approbation crowns.

S.

EPITAPH ON MR. AIRE.

Under this stone of marble fair,
Lies the body of Gervase Aire ;
He died not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited of too much wit :
Methinks this was a wond'rous death,
That AIRE should die for want of breath.

ENIGMAS.

" We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—He prays (preys) on a corse.

PUZZLE II.—It made him a prophet (profit.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Who is my sire ? and what am I ?
He ne'er was born I never die :
He suffers death like mortal man ;
From pain secure I still remain.
High in the air I'm often seen,
And often on the verdant green :
Still, faithful on my sire attend ;
And all his purposes befriend ;
Till thrust out by a younger brother,
Then I'm compelled to serve another :
To mankind then I yield support,
Who greatly my assistance court :
Nor do their secret thoughts conceal
Which I, in silence still reveal.
But I expose myself too bare,
You may from hence my name declare.

II.

Why is a mountain like the sea ?

LOTTERY TICKETS

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